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Well Done, Canada!

Every American will feel a thrill of admiration and a touch of honest envy at the achievement of the Canadian troops about Arras on Easter Sunday and the following day. Nor should we forget that some thousands of citizens of the United States, serving under the flag of a nation now allied to us in the struggle against a common enemy, shared in the exploit.

The glory of the Canadian fight at the Ypres salient, almost exactly two years ago, has been too little appreciated on our side of the northern frontier. Rarely in history have troops, volunteer troops, suddenly exposed to a flank attack through no fault of their own, but by the collapse of their neighbors, had to bear a more terrific blow than that which followed the first gas attack. Yet, in the midst of confusion, assailed by the appalling poison of German making, the Canadian volunteers stood and died as the British regulars had stood and died in the greater Battle of Ypres of 1914.

And now the Canadians have swept up the famous Vimy Ridge, which halted the French veterans of Foch and proved too great an obstacle for the genius of the greatest offensive fighter France has yet produced in the war. After long months of waiting the Canadians have had their hour. They have had a chance to avenge their comrades, crucified by German brutes in Flanders; they have had the opportunity to write the name of Canada upon the war map of Europe, and their imprint will be remembered—in Germany quite as much as in America.

We shall know later at what price this achievement was accomplished, but no price will be too high, and for Canada this day of victory will have a lasting value. For Canada, too, its value will be less than for the British Empire. The German had prepared for the downfall of the British Empire. His spies had labored in South Africa, in Australia and New Zealand, in Canada, in India. The Bernhardis and their sort had forecast the collapse of the empire under the attack of German armies and fleets and the secession of the colonies.

The answer of India was spoken in the early and terrible days of the war, when an Indian corps stood shoulder to shoulder with the expeditionary armies in Flanders and helped to hold the thin line that restrained the wave of German barbarism threatening to engulf the world. Canada spoke at Ypres in the spring of 1915, Australia at Gallipoli in the summer, the response of South Africa was heard first in German West Africa in the conquest of that German colony and again in German East Africa, where the last fragment of German colonial power is collapsing under the pressure of South African and Indian troops. Bagdad, captured the other day, was also an achievement of Indian troops. In seeking to destroy an empire the Germans have consolidated it.

Nearly three-quarters of a million of Canadian and Australian troops have responded to the call of the British Empire, more than half of them wearing the Canadian maple leaf. German plotting, German scheming, the wise plans of the professors on paper and of the German soldiers on the map have been answered in the only fashion in which it is possible to speak to Germans now. The praise of the Canadians and the Australians is written in all the letters of German soldiers captured at the front. It finds its way into the official reports of German officers.

Americans will feel a certain envy in the thought that Canada has outdistanced us in reaching the battle line which is the frontier of our common civilization. We shall take what comfort we may from the knowledge that among the Canadian forces are a considerable contingent of citizens of the United States, an unofficial vanguard, we shall trust, of that American army which is, in due course, to take its place along the French front. They are serving in worthy company.

Meantime no praise of Canadian achievement can be excessive. From the plains and from the mountains, from the cities and from the prairies, Canada has poured out her thousands and her hundreds of thousands; she has sent across the ocean an army greater than Napoleon ever commanded on any battlefield; her volunteer regiments have shown that same stubborn and tenacious quality which is the glory of the British army, and they have revealed also that dash and fury of attack, the initiative and resourcefulness which recall the armies which fought the Civil War from both sides of the Potomac. A democratic army, an army of citizens going voluntarily to the battle front beyond the seas, waiting neither for the appeal nor the demand of the mother country, has thrust a wedge into the defences of tyranny and won for liberty not merely a few square miles of French territory, but a victory which makes answer to the German idea that the world can be reconstructed without regard to the spirit of man, merely by material force.

Our entrance into the war should make a new bond between the Canadians and ourselves. One fraction of the Western world has answered the call of imperilled liberty; a continent on which the Anglo-Saxon settlers sought to build a new structure dedicated to humanity, justice, freedom, has sent back its first regiments to assist in preserving in Europe the ideals it has served in America. Let us trust that the time will not be long before our own fraction of America carries our flag to trench lines behind which, at bay, barbarism is making its final stand and tyranny still keeps the field. Canada has spoken—it remains for the United States to do its part in a common cause.

No Halfway War

If a man is attacked by a thug he does not stroll casually into the fray, leading off with a few, mild taps and slowly increasing his attention and exertion. There is only one way to fight, and that is to fight hard, with every ounce of alertness and energy, from the drop of the hat. That is the one safe way, that is the one way to win, and that is the pith of Mr. Root's plea to the American nation.

"No half measures" is his text. We must not pause and look about to see who may propose peace. We must not try a little volunteering and then a little conscription and then a little something else. We must utilize every lesson learned through bitter experience by the democracies of Europe and put our every effort into the war forthwith. We must act with wisdom and a rounded plan; but we must act.

That, incidentally, is the American way of doing things. Our governments often work on sluggish lines. But, individually, in our industries, in our sports, we are neither half-hearted nor unadaptable nor wabbly. Mr. Root's plea is simply that we shall fight the war in downright American fashion, as if it were a bridge to build or a game to win.

In this vigorous warfare Mr. Root naturally urged as one thing that ought to be done at the earliest possible day the sending of "an American army, great as it may be or small if it must be, to the battle lines of France and Belgium." We must mobilize our every force at home with all speed. But this necessarily slow process of our factories and farms and training camps must be made visible and real to our allies and enemies on the firing line by the presence there of our flag and a representative force. The numbers are unimportant. Not until 1918 and 1919 can our man power really count in the trenches of Europe. But as a sign and symbol that we are coming, our first expeditionary force would fire a shot heard, like that of a handful of Americans once before, 'round the world.

Conserve the Nation's Working Power

Quite as important to the nation as the promise which labor leaders have made through the Council of National Defence to refrain from strikes and agitation during the war is the suggestion regarding the maintenance of present standards of health and welfare of the workers. This is no hidebound insistence on the retention of eight-hour laws, day-of-rest laws and restrictions on woman and child labor in emergencies. It is a sound and wise appeal to state and Federal authorities to permit no wholesale breaking down of legislation for the protection of workers, which, if it came about, might so impair the health and working power of the producers as seriously to lessen their power of production.

Fortunately, this country has as a guide in this situation the experience of Great Britain. There at the beginning of the war special orders were issued suspending limitations on hours of labor, night work, the employment of women and children, and the like, so far as the manufacture of military supplies was concerned. Manufacturing was "speeded up" to the limit. But things did not go right. Various official investigations into health of labor and industrial fatigue were conducted. They disclosed a startling condition of illness and overwork among workers, causing absences, lowered efficiency, decreased output. As a result eight-hour days were decreed for all women laborers in government munitions plants, the weekly day of rest was restored and overtime work was limited in all establishments. Recognition that the original exemptions had been too drastic led to the adoption of a system of special exemptions by government order, where necessary, for limited periods. Under this system there is already noticeable an improvement.

No one can tell at this time the strain to which the resources of this country may be put. Industry must be mobilized, just as the military resources of the nation must be mobilized. But for the very reason that the strain may be long and hard, necessitating every ounce of power, every possibility of production, it would be unwise to take any steps which might, in the long run, impair or lessen that power. It would be undesirable, for instance, to put on the statute books any measure so sweeping as that of Assemblyman Johnson, in the New York State Legislature, repealing the fifty-four-hour law so far as it affects "the employment of persons sixteen years of age or upward engaged in the manufacture of supplies of any sort for the military and naval forces of the United States or of any state." Enactment of that bill might restore the old abhorrent conditions of sweatshops and canneries. It is not a limited or "emergency" bill. The repeal would be for all time.

Far the wiser course would be to delegate power to some government agency—the Industrial Commission, in this state, or the Governor, as the Council of National Defence suggests—to adopt Great Britain's policy: to suspend, for definite and limited periods, the restrictions of the labor laws, such suspension in no case to extend beyond the duration of the war. Then, when necessary, a spurt in manufacturing could be made, but there would be no likelihood of a gruelling "speeding up" which would defeat its own purpose by wearing out workers whose productive power is as essential to national safety as the efficiency of navy and army.

Women Who Give Their Lives

The one hundred ammunition workers, "mostly girls," who were killed near Philadelphia yesterday will help to bring home to Americans a lesson already abundantly learned and digested in England and in France. Modern warfare, in which a whole nation does battle, in which fighting is not a simple combat between selected warriors, but a complex competition of industries and farms and railroads, has vastly broadened the field of courage and the test of physical endurance.

As the Prime Minister of England, alike with his predecessor, made clear, the Great War is being fought not alone by the men in the trenches, but equally by the great armies of workers, men and women, in the factories. The peril in the trenches is gravest; but the peril in the munition plants is real and constant. The strain on physique, on stamina and courage and nerves is less, but very great, and far beyond what had been thought to be the natural limits of women's capacity. As the men of England have learned through the war to see women in their true stature, so shall we. It is neither extraordinary nor a long chance that the first considerable sacrifice of American lives in the war should be "mostly girls."

Patriots or Poltroons?

There may be some measure of justice in the assumption that the recent heavy demands on the Marriage License Bureau are attributable to the apprehensions of born cowards. The theory has, at any rate, been accepted enthusiastically by some of the German papers, and according to "The Evening Post" the City Clerk alleges that it has been learned from certain brides-elect "that the proposal to draft unmarried young men is driving hundreds of slackers into hasty marriages."

This is an interesting discovery, but before branding all the eager young bridegrooms as poltroons it is well to recall what happened in England in the early days of the war. At that time there was not the slightest prospect of compulsion. It was not even hinted at in Parliament, and if a few were wise enough to foresee that sooner or later it must come, it is safe to say that to an overwhelming majority it was a possibility too utterly remote for serious consideration.

Nevertheless, there was at once a big jump in the marriage rate, and it is noteworthy that the increase was due entirely to the demands of men about to be sent to the front. From many pulpits, moreover, those who intended to marry were adjured to do so without delay, the clergy generally urging all volunteers to make haste as a sort of patriotic duty. It is conceivable, then, that the supposed slackers among us are really zealous patriots.

The Mine Menace

There is no peril more difficult to provide against in the conditions prevailing about the British Isles than that which caused the disabling of the American liner New York. A reasonable measure of security against direct attacks by submarines is afforded by the arming of merchantmen, but the menace of the mine is no less serious, and it is a menace that has not been disposed of or even considerably mitigated in proportion to its growth.

As far as is known there is at present but one way of dealing with this danger and that is by repeated and assiduous mine sweeping. The fleet of mine sweepers has been vastly enlarged since the war began, but the difficulties to-day are far greater than they were when the Germans had to depend entirely on the use of surface craft, including neutral vessels. To-day submarines are used, too, and it is possible for a mine-laying submarine to follow in the wake of the mine sweepers and lay new mines as fast as the old ones are swept up. The most industrious sweeping cannot invariably overcome this difficulty, though hundreds of mines be swept up every day. The extent of the danger was indicated by the First Lord of the Admiralty when he mentioned that mines had been laid as far out as the Cape of Good Hope, in the Gulf of Aden and Colombo.

The mine problem, in fact, is one for which Germany's enemies were almost wholly unprepared. It does not appear to have been considered seriously enough, though the danger was sufficiently apparent at least as long ago as the Russo-Japanese war.

April, 1917

At Concord bridge and Lexington
 A ghostly bugle seemed to call
Last night: "Ye heroes, slumber on;
 Not vainly did ye fight and fall
In Freedom's cause" (so rang the strain).
"Sleep on; ye have not died in vain!"

And not at Lexington alone
 But far and wide the bugles' tune
Was heard, as faint as echoes blown
 On little winds beneath the moon—
At Gettysburg—above the Maine:
"Heroes, ye have not died in vain!"

O'er every battlefield on land
 And every battleground at sea
Where freemen, fighting sword in hand,
 Died that their brothers might be free,
The bugles cry the same refrain—
"These dead shall not have died in vain!"

For Freedom's fire has not grown cold;
 Her living sword leaps, keen and straight,
In that same cause to which, of old,
 Our hero sires were dedicate.
The flag they loved, kept free from stain,
Proves that they have not died in vain.

The sword we have been slow to draw
 Shall not be sheathed, nor flag be furled,
Till liberty, and truth, and law
 Drive despotism from the world;
And if we fall in Freedom's train,
We also shall not die in vain!

CHARLES BUXTON GOING.

Lafayette

Our Long Standing Debt of Honor in That Name

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: April 5 was America's day in France and the Stars and Stripes were flying all over Paris. Minister Ribot, referring to America, said: "Our hands shall join and our hearts shall beat in unison."

These stirring words call naturally to our minds the name of Lafayette and his faithful service beside our heroic forefathers in the Revolution. It also reminds us of his last visit to the United States, when in Boston, in 1825, Daniel Webster spoke so eloquently and General Lafayette laid the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument. Also, how afterward, at a banquet, the general offered this remarkable toast, "To the 17th of June, 1925. It shall see the formation of the United States of Europe." And surely, now that America, the oldest Republic, has taken her place in this world's war beside Russia, the youngest—thus making an alliance of world democracy against autocratic Prussianism—General Lafayette's prophecy may indeed be realized.

In the words of President Wilson's forceful message, we are now to fight "for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority, to have a voice in their own governments, and for a universal dominion of right as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free." Have we not good reason to believe that this remarkable message of our President forms an indictment which, backed by our great nation, shall ere many months follow Prussianism to its grave?

And now another word about Lafayette and the debt we owe to France. Permit me at this opportune time to remind those earnest patriots here in New York who have planned so successfully for the purchase from the present Marquis de Lafayette of General Lafayette's birthplace that they, it seems to me, have omitted to arrange for the purchase also of the valuable autograph letters possessed by the marquis and to have made some honorable provision for his aid now in his declining years. The chateau in which Lafayette was born was so heavily mortgaged that the present marquis gained nothing from its sale. As I understand, his means are much restricted.

His picture lies before me as he appeared and spoke at a patriotic meeting held under the auspices of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, in front of the Lafayette Statue in Paris in 1912, and though inanimate, this picture speaks to me with no uncertain voice—that now indeed there is a priceless opportunity for us to pay, out of our billions, to France, in this her hour of greatest need, our long-standing debt of honor. JOSIAH C. PUMPELLY.

New York, April 7, 1917.

"Ancestral Prophecy"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In looking over an old bound volume of "The Gentleman's Magazine" of London, containing the issues of 1755 (Vol. XXV), I was struck by the following instance of a most remarkable "ancestral prophecy." In the issue for November of the year mentioned, under the general head of "Poetical Essays" occurs this title:

ODE ON DEATH. *Translated from the* French *of the King of* Prussia.

The whole poem consists of twenty stanzas, of which I here transcribe *verbatim* the thirteenth to seventeenth, inclusive.

Go on, unbridled desp'rate band,
Scorn rocks, gulphs, winds, search sea and land,
 And spoil new worlds wherever found.
Seize, haste to seize the glitt'ring prize,
And sighs, and tears, and pray'rs despise,
 Nor spare the temple's holy ground.

They go, succeed, but look again,
The desp'rate band you seek in vain,
 Now trod in dust the peasant's scorn.
But who that saw their treasures swell,
That heard th' insatiate vow rebel,
 Would e'er have thought them mortal born?

See the world's victor mount his car!
Blood marks his progress near and far;
 Sure he shall reign while ages fly.
No, vanish'd like a morning cloud,
The hero was but just allow'd
 To fight, to conquer, and to die.

And is it true, I ask with dread,
That nations heap'd on nations bled,
 Beneath his chariot's fervid wheel,
With trophies to adorn the spot,
Where his pale corse was left to rot,
 And doom'd the hungry reptile's meal?

Yes, fortune weary'd with her play,
Her toy, this hero, casts away,
 And scarce the form of man is seen:
Awe chills my breast, my eyes o'erflow,
Around my brow no roses glow,
 The cypress mine, funereal green!

The "King of Prussia" who wrote the poem was, of course, Frederick the Great. Utterly contemptuous of the German literature and language, he made French the court tongue and spent many of his leisure hours in composing French rondels and odes. The present example of his pseudo-genius carries with it a ghostly significance, when his great-great-great-grand nephew has already fulfilled a part of the terrific prophecy of frightfulness and hovers on the edge of the doom foreshadowed by the royal ancestor.

LOWELL C. FROST.

New York, April 2, 1917.

Conserving Rice and Oats

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Passing one of our largest churches yesterday, I noticed that a wedding had been performed in it. There was a quantity, probably a pound, of rice on the sidewalk. This amount would feed a family for a day, and it had been thrown away on account of some silly superstition.

I have frequently noticed the large quantity of oats that is wasted out of horses' feed bags. There are probably hundreds of bushels daily wasted in this manner in New York.

Would it be too much to ask the American people to exercise judgment and care in the use of foodstuffs, and to see that no more is wasted in the above manner? L. PETERS.

New York, April 9, 1917.

Make Our Army Democratic

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I was much interested in the letter of David Darrin on democratizing the army in to-day's Tribune.

General Sheridan once stated in effect that the reason he was able to accomplish what he did with his army was that he took care of his men, meaning, as I understood, that they were properly fed, clothed, sheltered and treated with respect, as far as he could secure such results.

Discipline is all very well, but it does not require that a man who enlists out of patriotism thereby signs away every one of the rights and privileges that have induced him to risk his life for his country.

New York, April 9, 1917. OBSERVER.

With a Smile

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your Mr. Ding is entitled to much credit for his cartoons. His ability to clothe a serious and deep question with a smile is winning him and your paper many followers.

W. H. KINNEAR.

New York, April 7, 1917.

Poverty: the Real Irish Question

By Arthur Gleason

I

The real Irish question is poverty. Agricultural labor receives less than three dollars a week. The tenant and owner and laborer, when averaged up, receive only $3.50 a week. Even the brief and dubious money gains of war time are not an offset for depreciated "plant"; and the stock of cattle and equipment of agricultural utensils are steadily depreciating in these days of an increased export trade. The slums of Irish cities are among the worst in Europe. Dublin is known as the "one-room city," because over 60,000 of her people are congested. Industrial labor is underpaid. Preferential through rates on the railroads have given Irish markets to English producers. Many of the farms are too small for economic working, and what there is of them is not good enough soil. Much of the best tillage remains in the hands of the landlords and is used for grazing instead of for the production of crops. The hope of Ireland lies in trades unionism, education and coöperation. Ireland's real problem is to increase production and distribute prosperity.

Chewing Over Stale Grievances

I found Ireland stimulated by the report that Henry Ford was planning a tractor factory in Cork. He was said to have taken an option on a race course, to plan the diversion of the river and to guarantee a minimum wage of twenty-one shillings to his workers. The story ran that he had visited his mother's birthplace in Cork, and out of the personal tie grew his plan to revive the industrial life of Ireland. If the very rumor has given cheer to an underpaid population, how much new hope will flow in if Irish-Americans whose hearts bleed for Ireland will invest some of their money in Irish agriculture and industry. A few million dollars invested where their heart is will relieve a pressure on Ireland, which to-day is resulting in bad housing, under-nourishment, overwork and an undue proportion of pauperism. The real Irish question is not solved by political wrangling and chronically jangled nerves inside the island, nor by hot temper at long distance. The Irish-Americans who have planted the tradition of Ireland's wrongs in the United States are two generations out of date. If they would get into touch with Young Ireland they would find they were chewing over stale grievances which the march of thought has long passed by. They are as much out of date as Marxian socialists. The present campaign is based on concrete issues, requiring a record of facts and organization. American money is not needed for nationalistic propaganda. It is needed for agricultural and industrial development. Our rich Irish-Americans can do an immense service to Ireland. They can aid to set her free. But not by parliamentary debates, speech making campaigns and pitiful abortive rebellions. They can set her free by standing security for land improvement, better housing, the purchase of machinery and fertilizer plants.

Make an End of Comic Opera

Had the Irish question been settled (by the Irish question I must insist that I mean not the comic opera politics of gun-running, but the agricultural and industrial redemption of Ireland) this war would have been an easier task for England. The submarine blockade would have been a minor factor. Ireland's natural market is England. England is on an industrial basis and needs the foodstuff of an agricultural country like Ireland. Every mistake England has made in the long past in Ireland has cost her severely in money and lives in this war. A unified economically prosperous Ireland could have fed England, and left her free to raise her army and make munitions, and the submarines would have been powerless to touch one shipload of produce plying across the Irish Sea. As it is, England has had to buy her supplies from several nations, and the long sea haul has been over open waters where the submarine has sunk an ever-growing number of food ships. By postponing the settlement of Ireland's status as an autonomous nation inside the British commonwealth England has lessened her own food supply and lengthened the war. As long as Ireland is politically in a fever she refuses to settle down to her real job of mastering the conditions of her own life, which will be determined by better land and more land, fertilizers, machinery, labor supply, organization for producing and selling, and railroad facilities. There would be little value in writing one more contentious article on Ireland. So with the charges of a national incompetency and inefficiency, which those who deny self-government to Ireland allege as the ground for their denial. One remembers in this connection the famous passage of Graham Wallas in his "The Great Society" on the rights of little nations:

"Athens during the last quarter of the fifth century B. C. was not well governed; and if the British Empire had then existed, and if Athens had been brought within it, the administration of the city would undoubtedly have been improved in some important respects. But one does not like to imagine the effect on the intellectual output of the fifth century B. C. if even the best of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's public school subalterns had stalked daily through the agora, snubbing, as he passed, that intolerable bounder Euripides, or clearing out of his way the probably seditious group that were gathered round Socrates."

"The welfare of Ireland depends mainly upon the welfare of the Irish farmer." So it is worth considering his case in detail. A clear statement of it is given by A. E., who is one of the three men at the head of the Coöperative Movement.

The Economic Caveman

"The small farmer", he says, "is the typical Irish countryman. The average area of an Irish farm is twenty-five acres or thereabouts. We can imagine to ourselves an Irish farmer with twenty-five acres to till, lord of a herd of four or five cows, a drift of sheep, a litter of pigs, perhaps a mare and foal: call him Patrick Maloney and accept him as a symbol of his class. . . . He is fruitful enough. There is no race suicide in Ireland. His agriculture is largely traditional. His butter, his eggs, his cattle, horses, pigs and sheep are sold to local dealers. He might be described almost as the primitive economic caveman, the darkness of his cave unillumined by any ray of general principles. . . . The culture of the Gaelic poets and story-tellers, while not often actually remembered, still lingers like a fragrance about his mind. We ponder over Patrick, his race and his country, brooding whether there is the seed of a Pericles in Patrick's loins. Could we carve an Attica out of Ireland?

"Before Patrick can become the father of a Pericles, before Ireland can become an Attica, Patrick must be led out of his economic cave. . . . Our poets sang of a united Ireland, but the unity they sang of was only a metaphor. It mainly meant separation from another country. Individualism, fanatically centring itself on its family and family interests, interfered on public boards to do jobs in the interests of its kith and kin. The Coöperative Movement connects with living links the home, the centre of Patrick's being, to the nation, the circumference of his being. . . . I believe the fading hold the heavens have over the world is due to the neglect of the economic basis of spiritual life. The Coöperative Movement alone of all movements in Ireland has aspired to make economic solidarity in Ireland."

The Irish Agricultural Organization Society is the long official name for the coöperative society of which Sir Horace Plunkett is president and which includes 1,023 local societies, 350 creameries, 95 auxiliary creameries, 233 credit societies, 222 agricultural societies and a membership of 106,301 persons. It has a turn-over of $90,000,000.

The social and economic service of coöperation is this: It enables farmers to own and use modern machinery, to buy feeding material, manures and seeds, and to construct fertilizer plants, at low cost, standard quality and on large scale. It gives control over markets, and slowly improves the transportation facilities for produce. It sells to advantage through its own agents, instead of through a long circuit of middlemen. It gives a system for borrowing money at a lower interest and for a longer term. It pools the ideas of many men and gives an interchange and interaction of ideas, leading to close, hard, economic thinking, invention and discovery, and a widespread intellectual fertilization.

Capital Must Be Found

There comes a limit of saturation, and coöperation has probably sucked up as many peasants as its present capacity admits. That capacity must be increased if coöperation is to increase in the next twenty years at the rate of the last twenty. More and better land, now held by landlords for grazing, must be freed for tillage. The existent railways must provide better facilities for farmers. A system of spur railways to mine pit heads, and of light railways through neglected districts, must be established. The village of Belmullet, in West Mayo, is forty-six miles from a railroad. There are anthracite seams fifty miles out from Dublin. Seven miles of light railway, at a cost of $1,250,000, would connect the mine with its market and reduce the cost of that coal from 43 or 45 shillings to 25 shillings. One of the young Irish leaders says: "Any extensive working of Irish coal or copper is contingent on the assent of the vast British mining interest to Irish competition." The creation of machinery and fertilizer must be undertaken on a larger scale. In short, production must be increased by the application of capital. Can that capital be found? Will it be by British Parliamentary grant, by Irish taxation or by foreign investment, or will the coöperators themselves be willing to lay aside a percentage of their profit for the purpose of extending the movement till it has embraced all Ireland? A solution must be found. For a movement either grows or dies.

The conclusion of Mr. Gleason's review of the Irish problem with his proposed solution will be printed to-morrow.

A Holy War

Wanted: Battle Hymn of Democracy to Express Our Faith

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: By common consent the President and Mr. Root are recognized as our two greatest minds.

Now that Brazil is about to start the A B C anthem which is to swell the universal chorus against the common enemy of mankind by declaring war against Prussian militarism, permit me to call attention to an utterance of the latter, made at Rio de Janeiro ten years ago, which seems almost seer-like in the light of present events. It comes back to us like a ground-swell, to reinforce the spirit of supreme consecration that animates the President's war message, especially that part of the message which declares that "the world must be made safe for democracy." At Rio de Janeiro, in 1907, Secretary of State Root said to the people there, and through them to all the American republics embraced in the Monroe Doctrine:

"No student of our times can fail to see that not America alone but the whole civilized world is swinging away from its old governmental moorings and intrusting the fate of its civilization to the capacity of the popular mass to govern. By this pathway mankind is to travel, withersoever it leads. Upon the success of this our great undertaking the hope of humanity depends."

Democracy means government regulated by public opinion, guaranteeing equality of opportunity to develop what God endowed us each with. That is what we are fighting for. That is why this is a holy war. The man who is too mean to be willing to die for such a cause is not fit to live. Won't somebody who has a talent that way—whether he or she be Latin or North American is not important—get up a battle hymn of democracy? There is plenty in the President's war message and Mr. Root's Rio speech to suggest the ground tone. J. H. BLOUNT.

Washington, D. C., April 9, 1917.

Deleting Paul Revere

An Ingenious Innovation Aimed to Soft Soap History

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As one whose ancestors fought and bled in the Revolution, I was greatly interested in reading in to-day's Tribune that on the initiative of Alexander J. Hemphill, chairman of Mayor Mitchel's defence committee, in order to awaken the country to the importance of at once filling up the ranks of our army and navy a "Paul Revere Day" would be observed throughout the land on Thursday, April 19—the anniversary of his historic ride at midnight through old Middlesex County, Mass., to arouse the people for defence.

As part of the programme it has been arranged, most fittingly, that Longfellow's stirring poem immortalizing that ride shall be recited in all the public schools and other patriotic gatherings. That, of course, is highly appropriate, but it occurs to me that we might, without departing in the least from the spirit and intent of the poem, now that we have made common cause for right and freedom with the British and French and their allies against the opposing forces of frightfulness and world dominion—we might, I repeat, do the gracious and, in the circumstances, the correct thing, it strikes me, if in the four instances where the word "British" occurs the word "enemy" be substituted—as, for instance, in the line "If the British (enemy) march by land or sea," not thereby detracting from the force or idea intended, the British then standing as the enemy or oppressor.

No doubt the story of our "Paul Revere" day, observed throughout the country, will be flashed across the seas and become known almost universally. Will not, then, the suggested simple substitution (for that day only, of course) in the grand old poem at a time like this be a pleasing manifestation to those living among us who owe allegiance to the British flag—likewise those on the other side?

F. J. COGSWELL.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y., April 9, 1917.

Hindenburg Message Sharply Criticised Verdun Failures

The Causes of "Too Many Surrenders" Analyzed, with Directions for Holding Advanced Trenches

(G. H. Perris, in The London Daily Telegraph)

A military document of extraordinary interest lies before me, signed "Hindenburg" and issued from German General Headquarters on December 25 last. It is a memorandum of what the great field marshal conceives to be the most important "lessons of the late combats before Verdun." It is formulated for the benefit of commanding officers, who are admonished not to take so delicate a paper into the front trenches, lest it should fall into unsympathetic hands. Well, if not exactly sympathetic, the hands it has fallen into could not be more appreciative. For these notes are nothing less than the confessions and reflections of Germany's first general, the one hope of the Central Powers, on a series of defeats suffered by the heir apparent to the imperial throne on ground chosen for their own decisive victory—reflections which leave it beyond doubt that German military science is eclipsed by French and that the defenders of Verdun won because they were better soldiers as well as better men.

"Unsuccesses"

"The hard and regrettable unsuccesses before Verdun in October and December" (the document begins) "afford me the occasion to make the following remarks." One realizes that these "unsuccesses," in course of which our Allies won back all the lost ground on the heights of the Meuse up to Louvemont and Bezonvaux, culminated in the wonderful operation of December 15, General Nivelle's last stroke before taking up the command in chief. When the history of the war is written it will perhaps be found that the Battle of Louvemont, as it may conveniently be called, opened a new era in the mechanical development of warfare. It was perhaps the cleanest, most complete success of the war. In a single day one-fifth of a superior enemy force—280 officers and 12,000 men—with 115 cannon and many smaller guns, were captured at a cost of very small losses. A bitter task for the prodigious Hindenburg to have to take lessons from the unadvertised Nivelle. An inevitable task, however. For, as the memorandum remarks:

Too Many Surrenders

"The extraordinarily high number of German prisoners who evidently gave themselves up without serious resistance and without heavy losses shows that in certain troops the morale is bad. The reasons for this decline of morale must be carefully sought for. The old spirit of the German infantry must be revived. . . . It is of vital importance for our army that effective measures be taken to this effect."

What, then, are the lessons von Hindenburg draws from the last fights before Verdun? The most remarkable thing about them is that they are exclusively defensive in character—that is to say, they ignore all that was most significant in the French victories, their new offensive method, except by the indirect homage of prescribing fresh efforts to meet such attack by stronger field works and better counter fire. I do not at all suggest that the German command has not picked up some important hints on the conduct of an offensive from its recent hard experience; it certainly has done so. These general instructions do seem to indicate, however, that for the most part its thoughts and ambitions are limited to the defensive. Hence the air of defeat, not to say doom, that permeates these instructions:

Deep Shelters Prohibited

"It is not enough to have several lines of trenches. A fortified zone, closely articulated, must be constructed, so that the position can be held firmly even when several elements of trenches have been lost. . . . Deep underground shelters in the advanced trenches must be formally forbidden. Such shelters are man traps; if any exist, they must be blown up. Their only proper place is far behind, for the reserves. A large obstacle or fortified point in the front lines will always be destroyed. It is much better to construct many smaller ones along the communication trenches and at the crossways throughout the fortified zone, so as to have a strongly knotted mesh in which the attackers will be caught. At Verdun there were too many shelters in the advanced lines; part of the infantry could not get out quickly enough."

Another fault, shown by "the large number of unwounded prisoners," was a lack of watchfulness in the trenches; also the fact that artillery observatories were placed in the front lines, instead of behind, and were destroyed. The impression which I reported the other day, that the Germans were not again holding their front lines very thinly, is confirmed by this document. Commanders are instructed that "the garrisons of advanced trenches cannot be too small." Only isolated machine guns must be put in the first lines, the others being placed at carefully chosen points behind, where they can not be easily discovered. The reserves must be more thoroughly trained in their duties and thrown promptly into counter attacks. This was not done before Verdun, so that the brave defence of the advanced lines, not being supported, was fruitless. A full half of the memorandum deals with the artillery work and is of considerable technical interest. These sections also open with a notable confession:

Artillery Support Lacking

"In the normal conditions of combat the enemy attack can be foreseen. This was the case at Verdun. Yet it seems that in the circumstances the support of the artillery was lacking. . . . It is not certain that our artillery fired on the enemy artillery. Counter fire on the enemy guns (with the aid of the aviation) is the fundamental and the best defensive means of suppressing the enemy attack."

Notes follow on "harassing fire," "destruction fire" and "barrage fire," the importance of reaching a climax of violence when the attack is about to begin being insisted upon. "In these short moments any consideration of economy of munitions must be set aside. The best barrage fire is not enough; it must be kept supple, and moved with the aid of the aviators, flying low. In the last resort it is always the infantry who must repel the enemy. Apparently the German method of reliefs has been faulty. Officers are warned to take care of their men. The memorandum closes with a curious insistence on the orthodox method of drill:

"It does not suffice to exercise the troops for combat; they must also be manœuvred in close formation. The experience of the war confirms the principles of our instruction in peace time."

Such was Hindenburg's Christmas message to his armies, and I hope they liked it.